He is within and two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy *Lord* againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing them then our generall good.
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile tell him what you ſay my *Lord*. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my *Lord*, this Prince is not an *Edward*. :
He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation :
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines :
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince:
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraignety thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Ma. Marry God for bid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*.
What ſayes your *Lord* ?
Cat. My L. he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before :
My *Lord*, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sorry I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace:
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweete is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich, and two Biſhops aloft.
Mai. See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two propes of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince. :
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity,

Famous

Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gr
Lend fauorable eares to my r
And pardon vs the interruptio
Of thy deuotion and right Ch
Glo. My Lord, there needs
I rather doe beſeech you pard
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of
Neglect the viſitation of my f
But leauing this, what is yo
Buc Euen that I hope whic
And all good men of this vng
Glo. I doe ſuſpect, I haue
That ſeeme diſgracious in the
And that you come to reprehe
Buc. You haue my Lord :
At our intreaties to amend th
Glo. Elſe wherefore breath
Buc. Then know it is your
The Supreame Seate, the t
The Scepter office of your A
The lineall glory of your roya
To the corruption of a blemi
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe o
Which heere we waken to yo
This noble Ile doth want his
Her face defac't with ſcars c
And almoſt ſhouldred in this
Of blind forgetfullneſſe and
Which to recouer we hartil
Your gracious ſelfe to take o
Not as *Protector*, Steward, S
Nor lowly factor for an othe
But as ſucceſſiuely from bloo
Your right of birth your Emp
For this conſorted with the
Your worſhipfull and very l
And by there vehement inſti
In this iuſt ſute come I to mo
Glo. I know not whither to

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37